

Disney's

THE LION KING

A NATURE FUN AND LEARN SERIES

FREE
Simba
Iron on
Transfer

38

£1.40

South Africa BT 06,
Matsi C7025

Grapevine

Hi there!

You can put your iron-on transfer on to any cotton or linen clothes (such as jeans, T-shirts, etc.). Irons get VERY HOT, so ask an adult to help. 1 Set the iron's temperature to the 'cotton' setting. 2 Put the transfer *face down* on to the material. 3 Iron over the transfer for about 20 seconds (keep the iron moving). 4 Leave to cool for at least two minutes, then start to remove the backing paper. If the transfer doesn't come off perfectly, go back to step 2. 5 Once the transfer is in place, don't wash the material at a temperature higher than 40°C, and do not iron directly on the transfer.

Kim

FUNKY FUNGI

Keen gardeners love to grow these luminous mushrooms. During the day they look perfectly normal, but at night they glow so brightly they can be seen 15 metres away. They're ideal for lighting up garden paths and special featured fluorescent fungi are very common in tropical forests, but no-one understands why they glow. Perhaps it's to attract insects who then carry the fungi's spores to new ground.



PRESS CARD

Scientific
Fungi Zebra



Write to:
Kim,
The Lion King
PO Box 1
Basingstoke, Hants RG24 0PL

PRESS CARD

Stop Press Zebra

STRANGE NAMES

Last week I was looking at some photos from the USA and among them was this picture. "What's that creature?" I asked Secretary Bird. "It's a bald eagle," he replied. Imagine my surprise. Bald eagles aren't bald at all! They get their name from long ago when the word 'bald' used to mean 'white'. As you can see, their heads have a splendid white cap! "Why are you called Secretary Bird then?" I inquired. "Because the plumes on my head resemble the quill pens that law secretaries in the past used to stick in their wigs," he answered.

PUMBAA GOES MISSING

Pumbaa and Simba
Went out for a stroll,
Pumbaa went missing.
He fell down a hole.

"What should I do?"
Cried Simba with worry,
"It's getting near dark,
I really must hurry."

He looked all around,
But nothing could he see.
Then he saw something moving
At the bottom of a tree.

Simba shook his lovely brown mane,
"Who's that down there?"
"It's me,
I'm in pain."

"I know that voice," thought Simba,
And ran down the cliff to the tree.
Pumbaa jumped up laughing,
"Fooled you," he said. "It's me."

Gina Taylor, age 7

FOUL-MOUTHED CHILD

During my visit to South America last month, I was shocked by the behaviour of a young vicuña. I asked the kid, very nicely, if it knew where I could find some bananas. In reply, the horrible creature spat a foul-smelling liquid and some chewed up food at me. Revolting! This may be a useful way of warding off attackers, but it isn't really a very pleasant thing to do to friendly strangers. Good manners are so important. You wouldn't find a young gorilla behaving like that, would you?

PRESS CARD

Education Zebra



What kind
of lilies can
you never stick
to a wall?

padding

Lisa Filders,
age 11



Marjorie-Anne Gardiner, age 9

There are eight dragonflies
flitting about in this
magazine. Can
you find them all?



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A shrinky shoe-tag of
Pumbaa to brighten up
your trainers!



SIMBA'S WORLD

THE HONEY BADGER IS ONE OF THE FIERCEST AND MOST COURAGEOUS SMALL ANIMALS IN AFRICA. ALTHOUGH IT IS ONLY THE SIZE OF A EUROPEAN BADGER, IT WILL ATTACK A CREATURE AS BIG AS A BUFFALO.

Honey Badgers

The honey badger, which is also called the ratel, belongs to the same group of animals as weasels, polecats and true badgers. Although it looks like a true badger, it is actually more closely related to polecats. It has a thick, sturdy body, short legs and a short tail. Its head is broad, its snout is short and it has extremely strong jaws. It has small eyes and ears.

Honey badgers make their homes in deoused burrows or dig themselves

underground tunnels with their strong, sharp, front claws. They also shelter in rock crevices or in holes among tree roots. They can live in most habitats, except deserts.

Honey badgers mainly come out at night but in some areas they also move about during the day. They walk slowly, rolling from side to side, with their nose close to the ground so that they can smell their prey. They have better eyesight than European badgers.

▼ WHITE CAPE
Honey badgers have short, coarse fur. Most of them are black with a whitish hood and cape that can reach down to the end of the back. A few of them are completely black.



FACT FILE

HONEY BADGER

Mellivora capensis

SIZE: The male, which is larger and heavier than the female, reaches 75cm long and weighs up to 16kg.

RANGE: They live in a variety of habitats, including those close to human settlements. In most areas of Africa, except for the north.

DIET: They eat a wide range of foods from insects, reptiles, birds and mammals to berries and roots.

YOUNG: Usually 1-2.



BAGGY SKIN

The skin of the honey badger is so thick that it is not affected by insect bites or dog bites. If a dog, or a wild predator, tries to grab hold of its skin it usually cannot get a good grip. This is because the honey badger's skin is quite loose-fitting - it lies on a layer of fat which covers the muscles. While the animal is trying to sink its teeth in, the honey badger spins around and starts to bite it.

FRIENDS AND RELATIONS

The striped polecat, which lives in open country south of the Sahara, is only about half the size of the honey badger. Like the badger, its fur is black and white and it mainly comes out at night. This creature does not defend itself with its claws or teeth. Instead it attacks its enemies with a foul-smelling liquid from its anal glands. To do this it holds up its tail and sprays the stinging liquid in to the predator's face.

▼ STRIPEY ATHLETE
The striped polecat, also called the zibella, has wide, wavy, white stripes down its back. It can run fast and climbs trees and swims to escape from enemies.



◀ SELF DEFENCE
Apart from using its sharp teeth against its enemies, the honey badger can also give off a foul-smelling liquid from its anal glands. This puts off most predators.

WOW!

When a honey badger discovers a place where poultry is kept, it will do its best to get in and kill the birds, even if this means tearing a hole in wire mesh or tunnelling under a fence. Once it is inside the coop, it often kills many more birds than it can eat.



FOOD

One of the honey badger's favourite foods is scorpions, but they eat a huge variety of foods including live prey, plants and carrion. They use their sharp claws to dig up insects, roots and tubers or to break into bees' nests. They take small mammals, such as rodents, and also birds, spiders, fish, frogs and reptiles, including poisonous snakes and tortoises.

They get their name from their taste for honey. In some parts of Africa, they have a special relationship with a small, brown and white bird called the black-throated honeyguide. When the bird, which is normally quiet and hard to spot, finds a bees' nest, it starts chattering noisily and flicking its tail up and down. This gets a honey badger's attention. Then it guides the badger to the nest. It waits in silence for the badger to break open the nest and help itself to the honeycombs and grubs. The bird then pecks at the left-overs.



SIMBA SAYS

Call it brave or call it stupid, but that small black and white guy, the honey badger, will sometimes even take on a lion. If it manages to sink its teeth in, it won't let go until the lion uses all its strength to shake it off. Other times, honey badgers decide to play dead when they're in a really dangerous situation.

> HIDDEN FEAST

The bird in this picture has led the honey badger to a bees' nest hidden inside a hollow tree trunk. The badger has just broken into the nest, using one of its sharp claws, and is helping itself to the nutritious honeycombs and grubs.

ALLSORTS

The pictures below show that the honey badger has a taste for all kinds of foods, from beetles and honey to poisonous snakes.



< SHOUTING ABOUT
This honey badger is poking its snout into a crevice in the tree trunk to lick up some tasty resin.

A PLAYING BALL

A dung ball provides this badger with a snack of dung beetles. The badger's hearing is so good that it can detect dung beetle larvae moving about a metre underground.



A HONEY LOVER

This badger is tucking into one of its favourite foods: mouthfuls of sticky honeycomb and juicy grubs.



A TASTE FOR SNAKES

This badger is finishing the remains of a python which it killed with its sharp teeth.

**HAKUNA
MATATA**
NO WORRIES!

Searing heat scorched the ground. Day after day, week after week, the relentless sun burned from a cloudless sky across the great wild land where Simba and all other African animals lived. The dry season was turning to drought, bringing exhaustion and, sometimes, death. Water-holes, rivers and lakes were drying up. There seemed no end to the intense heat except at night. But, at sunrise, the agony started again.

"I'm telling you, this lake I know is one cool place!" Timon insisted, as Simba and Pumbaa plodded wearily towards it. The motor-mouthed meerkat rode on the warthog's back. "Drought or no drought, there oughta be water! Hey! Ha-ha! That rhymes!"

"A poet, don't you know it!" joked Pumbaa. "Just as long as there's enough for a gooey mudbath!"

"I hope you're right, Timon," rasped Simba. "My throat's drier than a desert!"

The three friends had come a long way in their search for water. But so had many other visitors. The number of animals drinking from the lake had trebled in a matter of days. Antelope, elephant, zebra, buffalo and other four-legged travellers had gathered there. So had huge flocks of birds. The lake quenched their thirst, its fish offered food. Great numbers of graceful flamingoes drank and bathed. For so many creatures, the lake meant life.

"There it is!" yelled Timon, balancing with his hind feet on Pumbaa's head. "I can see its surface shimmering!"

What the meerkat didn't spot was mud-mad Pumbaa's eyes lighting up with eager excitement. The warthog suddenly took off as if jet-propelled. "Look out! You hairbrained hog!" screeched Timon, tumbling from his high-speed perch.

A small cloud of dust marked the meerkat's bumpy landing.

Simba padded closer and waited while a shaken Timon eased himself stiffly up on to the young lion's back instead. "I'll carry you there, Timon," he said.

"Thanks!" replied the miffed meerkat. "I guess Pumbaa really took me for a ride just then!"

As Simba smelled water, he also broke into a run with Timon clinging to his mane. The sight of a powerful young lion, not to mention a warthog in full gallop, was enough to cause near panic. The surface of the lake exploded into movement.

A flock of big-billed pelicans stopped bobbing about and swiftly headed skywards.

"They've taken flight!" gasped Simba.

"You mean, taken fright!" said the meerkat.



Wings beat wildly. Pelicans looked up from their fishing and water gushed from the elastic pouches beneath their beaks. A flock of startled flamingoes suddenly rose into the sky like a living cloud.

"Hey, they're sure in a flap!" snorted Pumbaa, as he made for the nearest mound of mud.

"Mega-marvellous!" laughed Timon

as, moments later, cool, refreshing water dripped from his mouth.

"Never tasted better," agreed Simba, lapping thirstily at the lake's edge.

"And this goo is the biz!" squealed Pumbaa, happy again.

He rolled over and sent a sticky shower of it on to his friends, by mistake. Simba growled.

Only when the three friends had washed, drank or wallowed did they notice something about the lake that made them look twice. It was shallow even at the centre where a hippo waded without being submerged. Also, a broad ring of bare earth round the shoreline showed how much the lake had already shrunk. Then, slowly, the pelicans began to return. One, bolder than the others, landed near Timon and eyed him coldly.

"Don't fret, pal," said the meerkat. "I'll just mix a lake-shake cocktail or two!" he reckoned this water should be strictly rationed!"

"If the level keeps dropping, the lake could dry out altogether before

the rains come," replied the pelican. "Y' mean, no mud?" asked Pumbaa in alarm.

"Maybe even that will bake hard," the pelican went on.

"Then we need to find more water," said Simba, careful not to startle the bird again, "for everyone!"

"So I do a rain-dance or what?" snapped the meerkat.

Soon more birds and animals slowly approached until a great gathering encircled Simba and the others. All were worried. Time, like the lake water, was running

out for them. Yet not a single creature knew of even a small waterhole that hadn't already dried up.

"There may be an answer," said the pelican. "Ask Tanglemane!"

A shocked silence followed, puzzling Simba and his two pals. "Who is that?" Timon finally asked. "I suppose the clue's in 'mane'," guessed Simba.

The pelican nodded then pointed with his bill to high ground on one side of the lake. "Tanglemane lives alone, up there! And no wonder! He's a cat with attitude!"

"Cat? Like the lion-kind?" asked Simba.

"As in big, old, ugly and very bad-tempered!" replied the pelican.

Pumbaa spoke up uneasily. "Just how big?" he said.

"Oversized," added the pelican. "Sounds like he's got nothing good to offer," said Timon, nervously.

"He knows a loc," replied the pelican. "It's said that Tanglemane's as wise as he's surly. He knows all things."

"Such as where to find water," added Simba. "Then we've no choice!"

"We?" protested Timon. "If you're going calling, count me out!"

"I'm in, Simba," snorted Pumbaa. "Pals should stick together!"

"Okay! You win!" agreed Timon, reluctantly. "But don't say I didn't warn you. It won't be smart to tangle with Middlemane!"

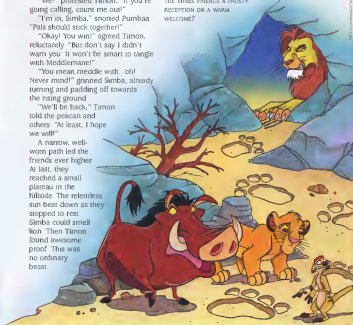
"You mean meddle with... oh! Never mind!" grinned Simba, already turning and padding off towards the rising ground.

"We'll be back," Timon told the pelican and others. "At least, I hope we will!"

A narrow, well-worn path led the friends ever higher. At last, they reached a small plateau in the hills. The relentless sun beat down as they stopped to rest. Simba could smell lion. Then Timon found awesome proof. This was no ordinary beast:

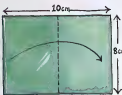
For once, the meerkat's voice almost failed as he pointed to giant prints that dwarfed Simba's paws. Next moment, Tanglemane emerged from a nearby cave. The sun cast its mighty shadow over the three friends and, suddenly, even Simba tasted fear.

NEXT WEEK: WILL TANGLEMANE GIVE THE THREE FRIENDS A FROSTY RECEPTION OR A WARM WELCOME?



Bouncing Butterflies

When the African rains come and the plants blossom, clouds of colourful butterflies hover among them. You can make these butterflies and turn an ordinary pot plant into something very special!



- 1 Cut five 10cm x 8cm pieces of coloured paper, fold them in half along the long edge.

YOU WILL NEED

Scraps of thick, coloured or cartridge paper
pencil
scissors
felt-tips and/or poster paints
glitter paints
black Plasticine
black Plasticine
lawn-wide green garden wire (from hardware or gardening shops)
Copydex glue

- 2 Using the half-butterfly shape shown above as a rough guide, draw a butterfly on to each folded piece of paper.

- 3 With the paper still folded, use small scissors to cut round the butterfly shapes. Do not cut along the fold!

- 4 Decorate the wings brightly on both sides. Don't forget that each half of a butterfly is always a mirror image of the other. Colour the heads and bodies black on both sides. When dry, paint on a pair of eyes.



- 5 With the body folds pointing upwards, fold each butterfly's wings upwards, along the edge of the body.

- 6 Roll five Plasticine 'sausages', each one a little smaller than the body shape.



- 7 Spread a line of Copydex glue under the fold of each body. Push the Plasticine 'sausages' on to the glue, pressing them to fit the body shape. Press on tiny Plasticine antennae.

- 8 Cut and straighten five 30cm lengths of green garden wire. Push a wire into the tummy of each butterfly. Push the other ends of the wires into the soil of a pot plant and watch the butterflies hover!

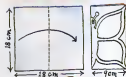


YOU WILL NEED

18cm square of thick paper
pencil
tracing paper
felt tips or coloured inks
scissors
Blu-Tack

Wings for Windows

Fix some of these butterflies to your window for a stunning 'stained glass' effect!



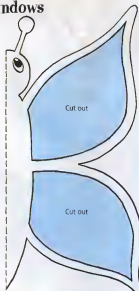
1 Fold the paper square in half. Trace and transfer the half-butterfly shape (right) on to the paper square, placing the dotted line along the fold.



2 With the paper still folded, cut round the outline, through both layers of paper. Then cut away the four wing areas, shown in blue.

3 Rest the shape on some newspaper, then paint it black on one side. Leave it to dry.

4 Glue the unpainted side on to tracing paper. Cut round the outline, colour the wings brightly with felt-tips or inks, then use Blu-Tack to fix the butterfly to your window.



THE BITING BUSH

Many acacia trees have thorns which help ward off browsers like antelopes, but the whistling thorn has its own army of stinging ants to protect it.

A colony of ants swarms over the branches of a thorny bush in Kenya. They have just had a meal of nectar from the tree's nectaries, which are in the leaves. Now, they are looking for somewhere to nest. They investigate the globe-shaped growths at the base of the thorns, and start to scoop out holes. They

soon discover that these growths make ideal nesting sites, protecting them from the sun and rain and from enemies. The ants make the bush their home.

Now it is the ants' turn to do something for the bush. A grasshopper lands on the bush and starts to eat a leaf. Straightaway, several ants rush over to attack it

with their large jaws and after a struggle the intruder flies off. Soon afterwards an antelope pulls off a clump of leaves. The ants go into action. As the antelope noses forward to grab another leaf, they bite the edge of its mouth. The astonished antelope jumps back in pain and gallops away. It will not try this particular bush again.



The globe-shaped growths which appear on certain thorn trees, such as this whistling thorn acacia, make ideal refuges for ants. Other thorn trees which don't have resident ants don't have these growths, either.



NORTH-WEST ASIA

THIS IS A LAND OF OPEN GRASSLANDS AND SILENT FORESTS. IN THE FAR NORTH LIES ONE OF LIFE'S FRONTIERS: THE TUNDRA. BEYOND THAT IS THE GREAT, WHITE, FREEZING-COLD ARCTIC.

An animal traveller walking north from the Volga Delta towards the northern coast of Asia would first come to open grasslands – the steppe.

Much of the steppe is now farmed, but some of it is untouched. Feather grass sways in the breeze. Unseen larks sing overhead.

Great bustards and demoscelle cranes nest on the ground and keep a wary eye out for

steppe eagles. In the spring, the steppe fills with colour as tulips, roses and peonies come into flower. Colonies of marmots sit by their burrows and whistle to each other. Souziks chomp away on huge quantities of grasses, seeds and bulbs.

"Do you know how to spot a polar bear?"

"He's the only one roared here who isn't shivering."



From the steppe, the traveller comes across scattered trees, then more trees and finally forest. In the west, there is a region of oak and hazel forest south of the conifers. But in the east, the traveller walks straight into conifer forest. And what a forest! The taiga, or boreal, forest of the north is vast. Much of it is untouched by humans. There are just great expanses of larch, Siberian stone pine, fir and spruce trees.

◀ MIDDLE MOUNTAINS
The Ural is the only mountain in this otherwise quite flat part of the world.



◀ THE SNOWY PEAKS
The Ural run from north to south for a distance of 2000km. Their highest peaks – about 2000m above sea level – are in the north.

The forest is a silent world, with just the occasional call of a chipmunk, a capercaille or a curlew. Louder noises come from the bigger residents: elk, bears and wolves.

At last, many miles further north, it becomes too cold for trees. Under a thin layer of moss and sedges the ground is frozen all the time. This is the tundra.

In the winter, this is a dark and desolate place, but in the spring beautiful miniature flowers and large numbers of visiting birds bring it to life. The wily arctic fox lives here alongside reindeer, arctic hares, lemmings, snowy owls, gyrfalcons and reindeer. During the short summer, when the sun never sets, everyone is busy feeding and breeding and when the winter sets in again many of them travel south to warmer places.

The tundra stretches to the rugged northern coasts. Beyond lies the chilly arctic sea and the pack ice, home of the polar bear.

Osni's viper is one of the many reptiles that live in the steppe grasslands.



◀ TUNDRA
In some parts of the tundra there are countless meandering rivers and lakes where waders, geese and other birds breed.



▶ THE FOREST
The taiga forest stretches right across northern Asia for a distance of 10,000km.



When snow lies on the tundra, lemmings scuttle about beneath it in little tunnels.





In the north, Asia ends in rocky cliffs that plunge into the cold, grey waters of the Arctic ocean. Beyond, there are islands with equally ragged edges. Only mosses, lichens and algae can grow in these places, but in the summer they throng with thousands of seabirds. The reason for this is that the sea here is teeming with fish.

The birds arrive in the spring and form huge breeding colonies. There are murrelets, little auks, black guillemots and puffins. They nest so close to each other that they are almost standing on each other's feet, and the noise they make is deafening. In a crowd, the birds are warmer and safer than they would otherwise be. Even so, they are

tormented by glaucous gulls and great black-headed gulls who try to snatch the adults and their eggs and chicks.

◀ ATTACK AND DEFENCE
Nesting kittiwakes, razorbills and guillemots raise their bills to defend themselves from glaucous gulls.



▶ BACHELOR PARTY
Huge groups of unmarried male walrus gather on the arctic coasts.



◀ THE BIG CATCH
Puffins can hold fish in their bill and catch more at the same time. Catches of a dozen or more fish are common.

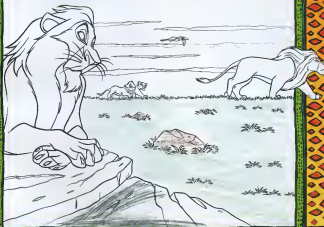
▶ STUDDY SEABIRDS
Little auks feed at sea on plankton. They carry the catch back to land in their crop (a compartment below the throat).



THE LION KING COLOUR IT IN

Simba in Trouble

A Mufasa was furious. "You deliberately disobeyed me!" he said to his son. "Dad, I'm... I'm sorry." Simba muttered sheepishly. Mufasa led the way home with Zazu flapping overhead. The cubs followed at a distance. Simba hung his head in shame. Little did they know as they walked towards the Pride Lands that Scar had been watching them from a ledge above.



PUZZLES

HIDE AND SEEK

Simba is hiding from Pumbaa and Timon, but he has left clues to help them find him. First, Pumbaa and Timon have come across a coded message. Can you work out what the message is and then do as it says?

FIN DARD UTET HAT
GOESO YERA LITHES
TEPPIN GSTON ERAN
DLOGSO NCE FIN
BHHN GONO NEORT
HEIS LANDS.

CROAKY QUERY

How many bullfrogs are hidden in and around the water?

TWIN CROCS

Can you spot two crocs with exactly the same markings and teeth?

MORE PUZZLES

FIND THE DIRECTION

By the time Pumbaa and Timon had reached the island, Simba had gone, leaving another clue behind for his two pals to solve. Find out which direction Timon and Pumbaa have to go by following these instructions.

First face west, turn to the right, then turn to face in the opposite direction. Finally turn left.



STEP BY STEP

Having worked out which direction they needed to go in, Timon and Pumbaa then had to work out how many steps to take. You can help them. To begin with, fill in the grid as the left by answering the clues written below.



- A) Half a century.
- B) Number of days in a year.
- C) Number of seconds in a minute.
- D) Emergency telephone number.

Now add together the four answers (A, B, C & D) and put the answer in the bottom row.

Then add E, F, G and H together.



FINAL CLUE

Find out where Simba is hiding by unscrambling the letters round the edge of the page. They're laid out in a certain pattern - it's not as hard as it looks!

W A A T E

RAFIKI REMEMBERS

FOX AND CROW

"ALWAYS KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU, LION CUBS, AND DON'T GIVE IN TO THREATS."

A dove built her nest in a tree and laid three perfect eggs in it. When it was chilly, she sat on them to keep them warm, and when it was hot, she fanned them with her wings.

One day, Fox came strolling by with an axe.

"Oh, dove," he called. "I would like one of your eggs. If you don't give me one, I shall chop down your tree."

The dove did not want her nest to be completely destroyed,

so she threw down one of her eggs. It fell into the wide open jaws of Fox standing below. Fox gulped, licked his lips and went on his way.

The next day, the dove looked down and who did she see? Fox!

Fox brandished his axe and called out for another egg. The dove scooped up an egg and threw it down into Fox's gaping jaws. Fox gulped, licked his lips and went on his way.

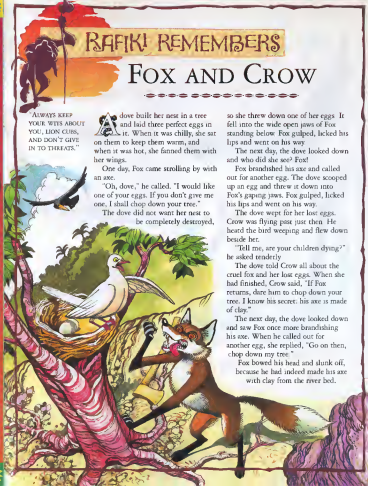
The dove wept for her lost eggs. Crow was flying past just then. He heard the bird weeping and flew down beside her.

"Tell me, are your children dying?" he asked tenderly.

The dove told Crow all about the cruel fox and her lost eggs. When she had finished, Crow said, "If Fox returns, dare him to chop down your tree. I know his secret: his axe is made of clay."

The next day, the dove looked down and saw Fox once more brandishing his axe. When he called out for another egg, she replied, "Go on then, chop down my tree."

Fox bowed his head and slunk off, because he had indeed made his axe with clay from the river bed.



Fox was not to be out-done. He found out that it was Crow who had warned the dove about the axe and he was determined to get revenge. He lay down on the ground and pretended to be dead.

Now crows like to eat the bodies of dead animals, so it wasn't long before Crow arrived. He landed on Fox's shoulder and started pecking. Fox leapt up and seized Crow in his jaws.

Crow did not panic; he simply laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" said Fox through his clenched teeth.

"It's amazing," laughed Crow. "Only last night I had a dream about you and me. And in my dream this is exactly what happened. I flew down to peck you and you seized me in your jaws."

"What happened next?" said Fox.

"You threw me into the air, and as I fell, my bones dropped to one side, my flesh to the other and my feathers blew away in the wind."

This sounded to Fox like the perfect way to prepare a bird that you wished to eat, so he threw Crow into the air. Of course Crow then flew away.

A few days later, Fox tried the same trick. He lay down on the ground and pretended to be dead. Crow flew down and started pecking him. But this time Fox waited for the right moment to seize the bird.

Crow pecked on for a while, then he said, "That's funny. This fox can't be properly dead. If a fox is really dead, it moves its ears up and down." At once Fox moved his ears and, whoosh, away flew Crow. Fox growled angrily. He was still hungry and worse than that, he'd been pecked all over!



Read this Lion King fan!

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HIDE AND SEEK

Coded Message: Find a route that goes over all the stepping stones and logs once finishing on one of the islands.

Crusty Quarry: There are nine buildings.

Twain Ock: The twin ocks are the ones on the left and right of the right-hand island.

Find the Direction: You finish facing East. Step by step: A=50, B=365, C=60, D=999. Added together they make 1474.

Then, $E + F + G + H = 1 + 4 + 7 + 4 = 16$.

Final Clue: The letters read alternately. They read **MOUNTAIN HIDEWAY**.